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Title: A Battle For Trinsic

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A dark woman stalks the  
ramparts of the City of  
Honor, gazing out over  
the destruction below.  
Her gaze falls upon the  
desecrated corpses of  
those who dared oppose  
her, now strung up as

warning to any who plot  
to strike back. Behind  
her, the streets of  
Trinsic echo only the  
footsteps of her undead  
army. No mortal man or  
woman dares walk the  
cobblestones in safety.  
The woman gazes over  
what her whim has  
wrought... and smiles.

But what of those who  
have lived in Trinsic for  
generations? What of the  
families who lost their  
homes, their work, even  
their loved ones? Our  
spotlight today focuses on  
the tale of Kotetsu, a  
young warrior of Trinsic  
who has joined the battle  
to free his city.

“As long as I can  
remember, Trinsic was my  
home. From the days a  
youth playing, against my  
mother’s will, in the  
mines, to the seasons my  
father allowed me to  
watch him peddle his  
wares at the market  
place.

“Oh, the wonders I’ve  
seen at the market place.  
I’ve found myself still  
wandering the barren

market remembering all  
the jewelry, the great  
suits of armor, and even  
the glimmer of the  
newest batch of swords  
from the local  
blacksmiths. I now  
remember the gestures  
magicians used to show  
off their skills; the way  
their sorcery seemed to  
dance about the city. The  
magical energy made the  
city seem to come alive  
with amazing colors and  
sights. The bizarre  
creatures the mages  
would summon to challenge  
the strength of the  
strongest fighters. Sure  
the parties involved were  
all the best of friends,  
but they played as if  
they weren't. Sometimes  
the beasts summoned  
would win, other times  
the challenger would. It  
was all in fun and games.  
Beggars and thieves would  
coat their pockets with  
gold staging bets on  
these fights.

“Those days have  
disappeared. I'll never  
forget that day...

It started with a rainy  
night. The first group  
arrived with a  
thunderclap. Thank the  
heavens that the sentries  
were strong enough to  
repel the first wave. The  
next few skirmishes  
weren't as deadly, but  
were more organized. They  
seemed to be testing  
Trinsic's defenses. One  
day, the guards must  
have become fed up with  
the unending flow of  
fighters. The few local  
guilds decided it necessary  
to do something about  
these incidents and took  
up arms against the dark  
forces. Being the first

born of my family, my  
father deemed it  
necessary to teach me  
the ways of the sword.  
First for the protection  
of the family, and second,  
for myself.

“I remember spending  
hours sparring with my  
friends, becoming stronger  
every day. We decided to  
patrol the city looking  
for any sign of the  
invasions. As luck would  
have it, we found our  
sign. A beggar was  
cowering in the dark  
corner of the alleyway  
behind the bank, trying to  
hide himself from the  
darkness closing in for  
the kill. We decided to  
intervene. We struck at  
the assailant until it fell  
unconscious to the ground.  
That’s when I made a  
gruesome discovery. These  
forces weren’t alive. The  
body on the ground had  
only armor, a weapon, and  
the enchanted bones  
beneath. The beggar  
expressed his relief and  
gratitude and I went  
home to tell father of  
my discovery.

“I returned home to  
find, to my dismay, my  
father was away holding  
the gates of town secure  
from the hordes of  
invaders. I spoke of my  
discovery to mother, who  
was struck with disbelief.  
After all, Trinsic hadn’t  
seen undead since decades  
before I was born.

“The hourly calls from  
the patrols became a  
pattern for me to fall  
asleep to, and one night  
we received a knock at  
the door. A man dressed  
in black introduced himself

as Kain and said his guild,  
The Agents of Virtue,  
were rounding up anyone  
with combat skills. Trinsic  
was under heavy attack.  
Hearing this in my  
half-sleeping state, I  
jumped out of my bed,  
got dressed, and grabbed  
the trusty sword my  
father gave me. As I ran  
to the front door, my  
mother cried for me to  
stay home and let the  
master fighters defend  
the city. I hesitated a  
moment, but managed to  
convince her that if the  
city fell, the surrounding  
land would surely be next.  
We stood a better  
chance behind the tall  
walls of Trinsic than in  
the fields around the  
City of Honor.

“I roused my friends  
from their slumber and  
we headed off to the  
gates of the city in  
twilight. It was decided by  
Kain that torches or  
lamps would give our  
position away to prying  
eyes, so we used none.  
As we approached the  
city, the stench of  
undead and sounds of  
combat reverberated  
across the tall walls. I  
could tell the city was in  
serious trouble. We  
headed to a boat used as  
a ‘back entrance’ into  
the city. As we headed  
along the wall towards  
the docks, one could hear  
the shrill cries of mercy  
snuffed out immediately  
by the ominous silence of  
death. The city was  
falling.

“The scene of the  
familiar market place was  
gone as piles of bones  
and bodies littered the  
now crimson paved

streets. Within this  
jumble of bodies, I found  
something familiar: the  
now lifeless body of my  
father. Carefully removing  
his body from the pile, I  
moved it to the place he  
set his tent up in the  
market every year and  
said a word of  
condolence. Taking his  
armor as my own, I left  
his body to return to  
nature. Sword in hand and  
anger within, I stepped  
towards the heart of the  
city.

“The sight was  
unbearable. Liches  
everywhere were  
reanimating the newly  
slain bodies and adding  
them to the now huge  
ranks of undead. Still,  
the fighters and mages  
stood their ground,  
refusing to yield the city  
to the dark forces. Our  
forces began to weaken,  
until we could stand no  
more losses. Then, she  
showed up. Even in the  
darkness, it was obvious  
she was behind the  
overtaking of Trinsic. Her  
actual role in the melee  
wasn’t much, but I knew  
she was up to no good  
when she began uttering  
the mysterious syllables  
of magic. It was a long  
incantation, enough to  
make even the creatures  
we were fighting cringe. I  
couldn’t stand the scene,  
or the woman. She  
radiated pure evil. I was  
forced to flee. I hid in  
the hold of our boat  
until the next morning.  
“When I awoke, all was  
quiet. I opened the hold  
and peered out at the  
scene. I couldn’t believe  
my eyes! The very things  
we were fighting the  
night before were

crawling around in plain  
daylight eating the  
corpses of the people I  
had fought beside! That is  
when I saw a disturbing  
thing. My father's corpse  
was walking around with  
the rest of the undead.  
A voice called my name.  
If it was real or my  
imagination, I do not  
know. It told me that I  
was to gather forces,  
and await a plan for the  
retaking of Trinsic; find  
forces of virtue, and  
drive the evil from the  
land for future  
generations.  
"I have moved to Minoc.  
This town is less  
developed than my  
birthplace, but  
has the same resources  
available. I also have  
decided to stay with this  
guild of scouts. The evils  
within the walls of  
Trinsic have dishonored all  
the families of the area,  
and thus must be  
destroyed."

I vow to give my life  
to the freedom of the  
City of Honor.